Now if you are a maide, answer to this.
Hero I talkt with no man at that hower my lord,
Prince Why then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sory you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Counte
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeede most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.
Iohn Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord,
Not to be spoke of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty lady,
I am sory for thy much misgouernement.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed,
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie,
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-liddes shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beautie into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.
Leonato Hath no mans dagger here a point for me.
Beatrice Why how now cosin, wherfore sinke you down?
Bastard Come let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.
Benedicke How doth the Lady?
Beatrice Dead I thinke, help vncle,
Hero, why Hero, vncle, signior Benedicke, Frier.
Leonato O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.
Beatrice How now cosin Hero?
Frier Haue comfort lady.
Leonato Dost thou looke vp?

Frier

Frier Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leonato Wherfore? why doth not euery earthly thing,
Cry shame vpon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue Hero, do not ope thine eies,
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirites were stronger than thy shames,
My selfe would on the rereward of reproches
Strike at thy life. Grieued I I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugall Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer wast thou louely in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand,
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine,
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loynes,
But mine and mine I loued, and mine I praisde,
And mine that I was prowd on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne,
Into a pit of incke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir, be patient, for my part I am so attired in wo
der, I know not what to say.
Beat. O on my soule my cosin is belied.
Bene. Lady were you her bedfellow last night.
Beat. No truly, not although vntill last night,
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirmd, confirmd, O that is stronger made,
Which was before bard vp with ribs of yron,
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loued her so, that speaking of her foulenesse,
Washt it with teares hence from her, let her die.
Frier Heare me a little, for I haue only bin silent so long,
giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the lady
haue markt,